CLOSE CORPORATIONS.

How Closely Railroad Men Watch Their Men.

The Dangers That Attend the "Knocking Down" Process—Photographing Employes—Passengers Who Pay to Conductors Only.

[El Paso (Tex.) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle]

"Did ye get that job, Mac?"

"No, curse it! The boss told me I was blacklisted by the Southern Pacific."

The speakers were two of a group of railroad men seated round a table in a beer saloon on El Paso street. In their immediate vicinity your correspondent sipped the weak and insipid lager of the establishment, which had at least the merit of being wet—by the way, a merit not to despise in the heat of the day, for the days here are hot already.

One of the group, who was evidently with but not of them, ventured to inquire:

"What do you mean, Mac, by being black-listed by the Southern Pacific?"

"Well, boys, to begin at the beginning, you all know that as a machinist I'm about as good as they make them, and can hold my end up against the best of them. About a year ago I heard I could get a job in the Southern Pacific repair-shop at Deming, so I sent in my application, with testimonials, etc., to headquarters, and in due time I received a favorable reply, with a request to send on my photograph. Well, I dressed up in my best and went down to Parker's gallery, and had it taken cabinet size—worse luck!" I did not think anything about it at the time. Supposed that the Company had a photograph gallery of its employes, like a militia company I was once in, and wanted to have it complete. Wel, after I had been working for some time, changed about from here to there, I had a few words from one of the bosses, and was fired. When I called to look after that job to-day the master mechanic looks at me queer like, and asked me to sit down in the office a few minutes.

"In about five minutes he came back an' he says: 'Ain't your name Mac——?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'yer black-listed by the Southern Pacific, an' we can give you no work on our line.' 'It's all a mistake," said I, there are more Mac——'s than one in the world, an' I never did anything to be black-listed.' 'There's no mistake at all,' he said; 'ain't that your photograph?' and he showed a copy of the photograph I had taken in Parker's office. Of course that settled it."

"Did you find out anything more about it?" inquired the first speaker.

"Yes; every fellow whose photograph they want—an' that's nearly every one above the section hand—must send a copy, and then they strike off about five hundred and send them all over the lines with which they are in correspondence. Then, if the Southern Pacific fires him, none of the other lines will take him on. I call it an infernal piece of tyranny!" and the speaker struck the table until the beer-glasses danced to the music of their own jingle.

"That's what it is," was the universal indorsement, and the indignant machinist having "set them up again," resumed: "Just look at the way they're putting the crews into uniforms, from the conductor down. Why, thirty years ago they wouldn't get a free man in the country that would stand it. Now, times are hard and the boys have to sink their independence. Here, in El Paso, whether on duty or off, a man mustn't enter a saloon for a glass of beer, or he may be fired. That's worse than they treat a policeman in San Francisco. It's only when he's on duty that he can't have a pleasant time with his friends."

"Yes," broke in another of the group, a brakeman on a freight train, "look how all the lines treat conductors and how they treat engineers. The conductor has to be responsible for everything under the sun; has to make out reports, remember orders, an' has the lives of men, women an' children in his hands as much as an engineer, while an engineer gets a third more pay. How's that?"

"Why, just this—we conductors aint organized," explained a third, "while there isn't in the United States to-day an organization so strong as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. If there are any men driving engines in the United States that don't belong to the brotherhood, I'd like to know where they are, and so would the Brotherhood. Our organization of conductors is only a rope of sand compared to theirs—no one fears it."

"Perhaps," suggested the non-railroader, "conductors are expected to knock down the difference in the salaries."

"Much show we get to knock down now! Of course, there is always more or less of it, but he'd be a clever fellow now who could knock down a third of his salary. What with spotters, railroad detectives and sure men he'd get fired so quick 'twould make his head swim."

"What is a sure man?"

"Well, a sure man is one whom the company knows never knocks down. He gets from $120 to $150 a month and only makes half a dozen runs or so over any one division. This is how it is: When a conductor has failed to be caught by spotters or detectives knocking down, and yet don't turn in as much as the company thinks he ought to, he is laid off and a sure man makes half a dozen runs on his division. If the receipts fall, or remain about the average, the conductor gets back his train; if they go above, he is fired."

"Don't freight conductors make something out of passengers?" queried the non-railroader.

"No. There are several reasons why they can't. The people who work the freight trains are mechanics out of employment and people of that kind who have very little stuff, and who think if they give $2 to be carried over a division they are playing away up, while those who work the passenger are able to pay full fare, but don't want to. Then again, whether the brakeman or conductor is braced on a freight, the whole crew stands in, leaving hardly enough for any one man to pay for the drinks. The passenger conductor has the soft snap, but takes bigger risks. He'd be caught oftener if it wasn't for the passengers."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see the end of a division is where the spotters are in force. They count every one who buys a ticket, and then just before the car starts they go through the car and count noses. They then report the number, and the conductor's report is expected to tally with theirs. Now there are thousands of travelers who never pay full fare and who watch the spotters as sharp as any conductor on the road. They always go to the ticket office and buy a ticket for one or two stations beyond the station they start from, and that enables the conductor to square his report.

"Drummers," he continued, "do a good deal of beating with the new-fangled 1,000-mile ticket. It is sometimes convenient for a conductor to forget to punch them, and so the 1,000 miles often become nearer 2,000. Of course, the employer never gets the advantage of this sweeping reduction in trates."

"For my part," exclaimed the brakeman, on whom frequent draughts of the libel on lager had begun to tell slightly, "I'd beat the company every time I'd get a chance. Many a time at night I go along them box cars and report all right, though I could see no less nor half a dozen tramps cowerin' down among a lot of goods boxes, makin' a pretend to hide an' knowin' well I was lookin' at them all the time. The company wouldn't thank me for turnin' them out, an' ye may bet your life when, some dark night, I fall between the cars, if the life ain't crushed out of me, it's little they'll dream of giving a pension. No, boys, there are men in this town, as all of ye know, bumming around on crutches and wooden legs, whose companies wouldn't give them no pass over their lines, although they get bunged up in their service. Now, when my day comes, as it comes to so many, perhaps some one of the poor devils I've helped over the road may give me a lift. They may be up when I'm down, an' it would not be hard for them to rise to the level of a poor devil of a brakeman on a freight train. Why, darn their mean souls, they have taken now to paying us by the trip!"

Here some one suggested an adjournment, and the whole party filed out. "Evidently men not in love with their masters," thought your correspondent, as he rose and followed in their wake.

A MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE.

Deacon Newton Goes to Bed on Wednesday and is Aroused With a Pole on Sunday.

[Snow Hill (Md.) Special.]

Leon Newton, a farmer living three and a half miles from Snow Hill, went to sleep on Wednesday last at 10 p. m. and slept until 6 a. m. on Thursday. He arose for an hour, and then slept from 7 a. m. on Thursday until 5:30 a. m. on Sunday.

"I attended church at Snow Hill on Wednesday evening," said he to-day, "and when I went home to bed as usual I did not feel remarkably sleepy. When I got up at 6 a. m. Thursday I went to the stable and fed my horses. Knowing that my breakfast would not be ready until eight o'clock, I looked at my watch, saw it was only 7 a. m., and decided to take a nap. I crawled up on the hay rack in the corner and soon fell asleep. I was aroused by John Watson, my next neighbor, who stirred me up with a pole. He was pale with fright and fairly shook as I climbed down to the floor.

"'Where have you been?' said he.

"'Asleep,' said I.

"'But what have you been doing since Thursday?'

"'You fool,' said I, 'what do you mean? Isn't this Thursday?'

"'No, this is Sunday,' said John, who seemed to be afraid of me and commenced to edge toward the door.

"Well, we talked for ten minutes, by which time I was pretty much mixed and just about as scared as Watson was. I want you to let people know that I am a temperance man and have not drunk a drop of liquor, not even cider, for twenty-five years. I did not take a drug of any kind, and yet it seems that I slept over ninety hours, with only one hour's intermission. I have not been asleep since Watson woke me up, and, to tell the truth, I am not very anxious to try it. I sat up Sunday night and last night. I probably will do so again to-night.

"When I was a boy I came near being buried while I was in what the doctors called a trance. My mother was crying over me in my coffin when I opened my eyes. They took me out and put me to bed. The next day I was well, after having apparently been dead for three days. This time it looks to me as if I had only been sleeping. I never felt better in my life than I do now."

During Newton's sleep his family and friends became convinced that he was dead, and suspected some oyster dredgers whose enmity he had incurred of having made away with him. The dredgers began to search for the body. Five schooners and a whole fleet of oyster tongsmen dredged the river all day Saturday in search of the body. When Sunday dawned everybody believed Newton was dead. The news of the discovery was received with incredulity, and all Sunday evening the country folks flocked to the Newton residence to discuss his remarkable experience. He is a deacon in the Methodist Church at Snow Hill.

BEAUTY.

Where and How the Metropolitan Belle Rests Her Weary Limbs.

[N. Y. Cor. Indianapolis Journal.]

Would you like to see how a New York belle of millionairism sleeps? I can gratify you so far as to describe, with literal exactness, the bed-room of a young woman whose name is printed as often as anybody's in the society reports. I never saw a more beautiful, cozy, in every way delightful place than the sleeping room of the young princess of fashion—this eldest child of a many-millionaire. The wall-paper was pale gold on faint slate-color. The gilt bedstead was pushed against a square of plaited silk of pale gold, with slate-colored silk bows at the corners. Just such another square of plaited silk rose to the ceiling above the wash-stand. On that were only pitcher, bowl, soap-dish and so on, because water is presumed to invite sewer gas, but all of the choicest ware. A great sheet of beveled looking glass, six feet high, swung on brass rods above the floor in one corner for the young woman to see her whole attire in. She had also a handsome folding glass to reflect her ears, back hair and neck. There was an open fire-place, besides the hot-air register; a dressing stand, laden with pretty toilet boxes and bottles; an ivory clock, like a bird-cage, in which ivory canaries trilled sweetly as each hour began; easy chairs and a rocking-chair to match the wall-paper and furniture; a pretty little prie-dieu for the young woman to say her prayers upon as fashionably as possible; and a wealth of little elegancies, completing a general effect that was exquisite, dainty and inviting beyond computation. Opening out of this room the young millionairess had another apartment where she wrote and painted, and "worked," so to speak, but I [illegible]

THE MERRY SOCIAL WAR.

Who is the Leading Lady at Washington Under the Present Regime?

[Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The question of who is the first lady of the land, or the ranking woman in the Cabinet line, is already a momentous one. Miss Catharine Bayard is at present the most prominent young woman in society, and one hears her name or its echo in every drawing-room. Her mother is a great sufferer from neuralgia and seldom goes out of her own house during the winter. She receives calls, but the duty of returning them devolves upon her daughters, who do that part very acceptably, and in this connection Miss Catherine Bayard is considered a proper representative of her mother. As a representative of her mother Miss Bayard now claims that matron's place in the line of Cabinet ladies at the White House receptions, and there were many astonished countenances the other night when Miss Bayard came down on the President's arm and the married ladies followed after her. At all ceremonies where precedence is considered the Cabinet officers rank according to the order in which they are established—the State Department coming first, next the Treasury, the War, Navy, Post-office and Interior, and last the Department of Justice. The wives of these officers rank accordingly, but by all the canons of etiquette and propriety an unmarried daughter, whose mother is living, can hardly precede married ladies of the same rank as her mother. In the Diplomatic Corps the British Minister's daughter, who is the head of his household, comes after all the wives of the Ministers, although in many cases her father is further up on the list than the envoys whose wives precede Miss West. Secretary Bayard made the point that his daughter should be given her mother's place, but what points Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Endicott, Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Vilas will make in return remain to be seen. It is hardly possible that Mrs. Manning, whose social ambition was the chief reason for her husband's acceptance of a Cabinet position, enjoys going in after the unmarried daughter of one of his colleagues. Mrs. Endicott, who has the bluest blood and the oldest name in Massachusetts, with wealth and the highest social position, will hardly stand the anomalous condition of things, nor is it expected that Mrs. Whitney with her wealth and social ambition, will accept the situation. These three ladies, who are already marked out as the leaders of official society, are expected to assert themselves on the next occasion, and their followers and disinterested people are waiting to see how the first Cabinet question of the female side will be settled.

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

The Georgia House That Swarms With Ghosts—Weird Sounds By Night.

[Monroe (Ga.) Special.]

There is an old house near High Shoals Factory which is a source of terror for miles around. During the war a strange man, with his wife and daughter, occupied it for several months. Nothing could be learned of the family except that it was from Connecticut, and from hints dropped at different times it was believed that the man had eloped with the lady who passed as his wife, and, being on the Southern side of the line when the war opened, had to remain here. After Sherman had left Atlanta the husband disappeared from the house and all professed ignorance of his whereabouts. The woman shortly afterward left for the North, and nothing but the memory remained and an unsatisfied desire to know what had become of the husband, whether he had been spirited away, was killed by camp-followers, or had simply abandoned the woman.

Soon it began to be noticed that every family which moved into the house as quickly moved out of it. The moving as of a human being, accompanied by the clanking sounds of chains, low moans or pain, and other mysterious manifestations would be seen. People traveling at a distance could see lights at the windows, and on nearing them all would grow dark. The most intelligent people soon began to look upon the place with terror, and no amount of money could induce any one to sleep in the house over night. Travelers after dark will go out of their way rather than pass the premises, while among the negroes the excitement amounts to a panic.

The last occupant of the house was an old man who died some time since, for he alone would consent to brave the spirits and sleep under the same roof with them. In the still hours of night a number of reliable witnesses attest that they have been aroused from quiet slumber by the strangest and most unearthly sounds. In one room last week a mother was heard rocking her babe to sleep and singing a low, sad lullaby; doors were thrown suddenly open and persons were heard walking up and down stairs.

Some time since a prominent preacher, who scouted at the idea of ghosts, spent the night in this house. The next morning he appeared pale and haggard, and stated that he would not sleep another night beneath the roof for all the gold in the universe. Families have been known to pack up at midnight and leave rather than brave the terrors which seem to stand between them and daylight, being driven off through fear of the strange sounds heard.

Some Shoemakers' Practices.

[San Francisco Alta.]

A short time since some half dozen ladies were discussing foot gear, and it transpired that they all had the same shoemaker, and that he had gradually raised them from $12 to $16 a pair for their best shoes. If you notice the well-dressed ladies doing their late morning or early afternoon shopping, you will find the greater number of them shod with disreputable, run-down-at-the-heel specimens, but don't imagine that poverty or want of better is the cause. The new shoes are being stretched on a large-sized last at the maker's or on the feet of some smaller friend or sister. Ladies try all manner of ready-made articles—always too tight—until they are finally obliged to resort to shoes made to order. The maker, to secure a customer, is at first moderate in his charges, but as soon as he thinks himself to a certain extent indispensable, he increases his price just so much as he thinks they will stand. I have known as high as $20 to be paid for a pair of shoes that gave no outward sign of their value, but the wearer felt it impossible to walk in any other kind. Imagine having to shoe a family of girls afflicted with a like expensive not o[illegible]

A JEALOUS WOMAN'S PLOT.

The Means By Which She Prevented the Marriage of Her Lover to a Rival.

[Boston (Mass.) Letter.]

A remarkable story comes from Salem about a bold scheme to which a woman of that city resorted in order to prevent the marriage of a rival. A lady from New Hampshire has been in Salem for a week seeking information as to one George S. Hill, who was said to have been thrown from a team last winter in Lynn, and to have died of his injuries five days later. No one had heard of such a man. Finally a newspaper man was asked if he remembered the accident. He produced a note signed by Carrie Hill, an alleged sister of the dead man, which he received at the time, but declined to publish, as the handwriting was the same as that of a bogus marriage notice previously received. The lady had a letter from a saleswoman announcing Carrie's death, and comparison showed that also to be in the same handwriting. This led to the discovery of the following facts:

About a year ago a Salem man named Elliott was in correspondence with the New Hampshire lady above referred to. He proposed marriage and was accepted. At the same time he was attentive to a Salem woman, who intercepted some of the letters, found out how matters stood, and determined to break up the match. She wrote an anonymous note to the New Hampshire lady, saying that Elliott was unworthy, and finally sent by mail to several Salem papers a fictitious notice of his marriage with a New Jersey girl. This he heard of and in some cases prevented its publication, but the notice appeared in the paper and a clipping was sent to the New Hampshire lady. Then, assuming the name of George S. Hill, the Salem woman began to make love to the New Hampshire lady, and finally proposed marriage, was accepted, and the wedding fixed for January last. As the time drew near, in order to prevent the lady coming to meet her betrothed, her fictitious lover concocted the story that he (or she) had been killed by a carriage accident. She sent an account of the event to several papers. It appeared in one paper and a clipping was sent to New Hampshire in a letter purporting to be written by his only sister, Carrie Hill, giving the particulars of his death, which did not, however, tally with the published notice. Correspondence in the character of the sister was kept up for a time, when, fearing a visit and consequent exposure, a letter was sent by the Salem woman announcing the death of Carrie. Then the victim of all the plotting began to realize that something was wrong. She visited Salem, learned these facts, and has gone home a wiser woman.

SNAKE-HUNTING.

A Connecticut Farmer Who Enjoys a Peculiar Sort of Recreation.

[Norwalk (Conn.) Letter.]

Mr. E. W. Schofield is a farmer of Weston, near this place, one of whose recreations consists in snake-hunting. Last fall, while Mr. Schofield was at work in one of his fields, he saw so many black-snakes going and coming from a large hole in the ground that he could not count them. The hole was about four inches in diameter and opened into the half filled up cellar of an old house, now destroyed, and which was built long before the days of the Revolution. Mr. Schofield discovered that small galleries lead from the passage from which the heads of black-snakes frequently protruded. When he wanted a little recreation Mr. Schofield would go to this spot, seize a snake back of the head, and gently pull him from the hole. The fun came in the pulling, for it required a good exercise of judgment to pull hard enough to get the snake out and yet not so hard as to pull the snake in two, for the reptile generally held firmly by the tail to the rock. Having pulled them out, Mr. Schofield would kill them as boys do eels, with a smart blow across a log. Before cold weather set in last fall he had pulled out fifteen blacksnakes and one spotted adder that measured four feet in length.

Already this spring Mr. Schofield has resumed his sport, having captured sixteen snakes, the largest of which measured six feet long and three inches in diameter. He estimates that, as there are 400 or 500 snakes in that cellar, he will have sufficient recreation for all summer. The other day he caught a blacksnake up a tree with a robin in its mouth. The robin flew away and the snake's measure was added to the record Mr. Schofield is keeping of the total length of his catch, which now amounts to 127 feet and seven inches.

A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

Arrival in This City of Chew Chi Chim and Chung Sin Pink, His Bride.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The limited express from Chicago on Saturday evening brought to this city a blushing Chinese bride, Chung Sin Pink, the first lady of Celestial origin that has come to Philadelphia to live. Chew Chi Chum is the happy bridegroom and the proprietor of the laundry at 1129 Pine street. Pine street from Eleventh to Twelfth was blocked from curb to curb with enthusiastic boys last evening to welcome Chew and his wife to their home. Firecrackers snapped under the feet of the horses that brought the carriage to the door. The colored policeman on the beat was flattened against the wall in his efforts to stem the human tide that rushed to catch a glimpse of Chew and Chung Sin Pink, who escaped into the house to avoid the crush. To a reporter Chew said:

"My wife, she born in Truckee, California. She go to Canton two years ago. Me go to Canton one year ago. Me makee love and marry three months ago. Sail from Canton April 20th, stop ten days in San Francisco, come to Philadelphia to-night. My wife born in this country, so she come back again all right. My wife well fixed. By and by we open store on Chestnut street. Sell silk, tea and Japanese and Chinese curiosities. You come see."

In an apartment in the rear of the laundry were a half dozen trunks, which were filled with gaily colored silks and embroidered garments of the very finest texture. "You see all my fine things, except my wife. She tired, and not come down to-night."

The happy laundryman has been a resident of Philadelphia for three years, coming here from New York, where he manipulated clothes for a year. Previous to this time he lived in San Francisco for twelve years.

When Congressman Lawler, of Chicago made his first visit to New York, some years ago, a friend invited him to a restaurant, where they called for soft-shell crabs. Lawler had never seen any before, and did not know what they were. He liked them, however, and a few days afterward, wishing to regale himself again with some of the toothsome crustaceans, he hunted up the restaurant, walked in, and sat down at a table; but he had forgotten the name of the food he desired. Looking over a bill of fare he saw "lobster." He called the waiter and said: "Waiter, have you any lobsters?" "Yes," said the waiter. "Bring me a dozen," said Lawler. "A dozen," exclaimed the waiter, in astonishment. Lawler saw that he had made a mistake, but he was not going to admit it. "Confound you," he said, "don't you suppose I know what I want? Bring me a dozen." The table was cleared of everything that was on it, and Lawler pitched in. He ate all he possibly could, called for a glass of brandy, looked up at the waiter and said: "Waiter, I was not as hungry as I thought I was. How much is the bill?" "Fourteen dollars and fifty cents," replied the waiter. "Why, it is not as much as I thought it would be," said Lawler. "Here, you needn't mind the change," and, handing the waiter $15, Mr. Lawler walked out.

Saved His Friend's Life.

[Fort Keogh (M. T.) Special.]

Last Thursday, at the placer diggings on Indian Creek, near Townsend, Meagher County, occurred a strange accident and a brave rescue. A high bank of earth caved in and a rock struck a workman named James Tracy on the head, knocking him into the flume and rendering him unconscious. He shot out of sight down the flume and into a tunnel 1,000 feet long, being carried along by the force of the water to the kit of the flume. Mr. Murray, the under-foreman, who witnessed the accident, knew that there was no one at the kit of the flume and the thought flashed through his mind the moment he saw Tracy disappear that the "tailings" would cover him up instantly and smother him to death if no help was near to succor the unfortunate fellow. He tore off his coat and promptly jumped into the flume and was also carried through the tunnel with a rush, arriving at the end just in time to save the injured man, in an unconscious condition, out of the mass of rock and mud which was already piling heavy on the top of him. It was a brave act by a brave man, and Tracy owes his life to the action of his friend.

He Adds Editors.

[London Truth.]

People who are prone to sneer when prayers for rain or for victories are offered up in church, should turn their attention to the Rev. John Hunter, of Hull. The worthy ecclesiastic evidently considers that the Litany is not comprehensive enough, and so he has just issued a revised version of his own. In this he prays not only for the Royal Family and Bishops, Priests and Deacons, but, with a solicitude which is almost touching, includes "editors of newspapers."

SAM JONES, GOSPELER.

A Curious Revivalist Holding Forth In the South.

Preaching Salvation to the People in Language That They Can Understand—Calling Men Hypocrites and Women Fools.

[Chicago Herald.]

Sam Jones is an odd character who is having great success in preaching in the highways and byways of the South. He is a forcible talker, and has the gift of putting many homely truths in striking language. He numbers his converts by the thousand, and his fame has spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. No better idea can be gained of this peculiar man's methods of work and thought than by reproducing some of his expressions taken from a recent sermon in a great gospel tent at Nashville, as follows:

A person travels on the railroad on condition. He buys a ticket and gets aboard. Committing one's self earnestly to any purpose almost insures its accomplishment, in so far as the thing can do it. Going to sea in a paper box is to sink with the box; going in an ocean steamer, one that has the strength of bull and steam in the boiler makes one safe so long as the vessel floats. If we commit ourselves to the flesh, we will perish with the flesh. Commit yourselves to God and you will never go down till God goes down.

As the horse is committed to you, so commit yourself to God, and with the lines of your life in his hands you are safe. I had a horse over which I had perfect control by the slightest motion of my wrist. God delights to get such a case of submission to his will. Some of us pay but little attention to the bit. I saw a big man trying to control a mule, and while the animal's head was turned in the right direction his body was going in the opposite direction. I have seen Methodists and Baptists like that mule.

You say, some of you; "I indorse Sam Jones." You had better let him go, and see if God indorses you life. Are you going to do better? Are you going to pray in your family? Don't blubber in this meeting, if you're not going to pray at home in your family. The naked resolution to do better is a snare. If you want the blessing you must do what God would have you do. One of these Baptists can tell as well beforehand as he can after he gets to prayer meeting who are going to be there. A great many persons say they are going to pay their debts, and think they are honest for saying so, though they never do pay. Loyalty to God. This dilly-dally work is the cost of thousands of Christians' lives. I saw a magnificent setter dog, and he obeyed every motion of his master's hand. Oh! if the Lord could control your actions as easily.

Watch thy tongue. Men take little heed of what they do, and say anything that comes into their heads. By the tongue many are sent to hell. Methodists pour, Presbyterians sprinkle and Baptists immerse the head, but the tongue is left as dry as powder. Madame, you would be the best wife in this town if it were not for your tongue.

Persons use the tongue in gossiping and indecent conversation. When they gossip they talk about people, and when they talk indecently they talk about things. A little bit of gossip will travel from one tongue to another so fast that it will get all over Nashville before breakfast. A person's tongue should be tempered as a piece of iron is tempered.

I like to see a man with temper. He who has temper has energy, but the great thing is to control the temper. These goody-goody sort of people won't do. They allow themselves to be kicked around any way. Children often suffer from the blows given by an enraged and angered parent. When asked the reason for inflicting such punishment he replies: I lost my temper. Yet, if that same man meets another on the street, one of whom he is afraid, you better believe he holds his temper then.

I would rather stand up before the blazing mouth of a cannon than to stand up before the merciless tongue of a woman. I have had some experience in that. Brother Barbee has had some experience at that.

If your guests don't put up with family prayers you had better let them put up at the Maxwell House and pay their board, too. Such cattle wont do. I call them cattle, and I use a Bible term. The only term I use that is not in the Bible is the word "rascal." Neglecting to pray is like neglecting to eat. If you don't eat you will die. If you don't pray your spirit will perish. Endure affliction. Trouble, trouble! thank God for trouble. How many wives and mothers have been through seas of trouble! By trouble their earnestness in religion is tested.

Goldschmidt married Jenny Lind so that he might break her temper, thinking thereby her voice could be made more sweet. He accomplished his purpose. Her voice arose to the parapets of heaven in the sweetest strains of music that angels ever listened to from mortals.

Some women are fools—the biggest fools in the world. They marry men to reform them. Down in one place in Georgia all the girls took a notion that they would marry the young sots about the village and reform them. And before long there were more little "whip-poor-will" widows around there than you could shake a stick at.

No, she who marries a drunkard to reform him is not the biggest fool. She is the biggest fool who stirs, actually stirs the toddy for her husband and sees him drink it. This is the case very often. You who stir your husband's whisky should march down town and make the infernal barkeeper mix it up for you. You who have drunkards for husbands should save them.

On a road that leads into Chattanooga there was once a saloon with a sign in front of it. It was just on the outside of the town. The sign read thus: "The First Chance." And on coming out, the letters on the other side of the board were: "The Last Chance."

The saloon had the first chance and the last chance at the whisky-loving travelers. You drunkards' wives, like that saloon, have the first chance in the morning and the last chance at night to reform your husbands. On account of excessive indulgence in liquor a man was suffering with mania potu. The physician said that he would die before morning. His wife said: "No, he will not. I have been praying seventeen years for the salvation of his soul." He recovered, and was converted, but before long was stricken with rheumatism. As the end drew near his faith grew strong. Just before death came he clasped his wife in his arms and said: "Precious wife, meet your husband in heaven."

The grace of God brings salvation to all men; and thank God for that expression "to all men." I can shout thank God to-day that Christ died for me and my wife and my children. He has provided a place for all mankind—for every individual. Primarily, the object of the Bible is to teach. The gospel of Christ hath appeared to all men—not to save men but to make men worth saving. The trouble of the nineteenth century is not that the truth is not preached but that every man's head is so stuffed full of error that they can't take in any truth. All men, women and children are too full of their own opinions.

God pity you, you old hypocrite. It will take the prayers of wife and mother and nature's best influences to save your boy from a drunkard's grave. There are too many people who have opinions.

Drop all your sins in one pile. Cross over the bridge, then burn the old bridge behind you and walk straight ahead into the arms of God and be saved. A great many think Heaven is uphill work, but I tell you Heaven is on a dead level with every good man.

SHAMING A THIEF.

A Story Illustrating the Peculiar Traits of a Pennsylvania Sect.

[Pittsburgh Telegraph.]

The Amisch, a singular sect, living in Central Pennsylvania, are model farmers. They wear the hair long, eschew buttons, using hooks and eyes instead, and meet for simple religious services at each other's houses. They are charitable to the poor, and, as the following story indicates, act as if the precept, "Resist not evil," was to be literally obeyed.

An Amisch brother was attracted by a noise at his chicken-house one night, and went out to investigate. As he approached the coop a man came through the door and started down the lane. Immediately afterward a voice from the roof whispered:

"I say Bill, aren't you most through?"

"Yes," whispered the Amisch brother, "there's just one fat rooster here I want to get."

"Here," he said, a moment later, as though reaching it up, "put it in the bag."

The unsuspecting chicken-thief leaned over, and was surprised to feel a brawny hand clutching his wrist.

"Come down," said the farmer, and the thief came down. Without a word he took his prisoner into the house, and, putting him into a garret room, locked the door.

In the morning the farmer opened the door and looked in with a smile. "Come down to breakfast," he said, with the greatest courtesy.

The detected chicken-thief was a farm-hand and a neighbor, and shame worked its own punishment when he saw the farmer's family around the table.

"Sit down," they said, and then, with unfaltering courtesy, waited upon him as though he were a distinguished guest.

But the "guest" eat little that morning, and when, after breakfast, the Amisch brother took him by the hand and led him to the door and bade him "good-day," as though nothing wrong had been done or dreamed of, he went away vowing that he had bagged his last rooster, and that the Amisch were trumps.

The usually quiet village of Conshohocken was still laughing on Friday over an incident of the day before which might have terminated in a tragedy instead of the comedy it turned out to be. Benjamin Jacobs is the foreman of the East Conshohocken and Plymouth Stone Quarry, where about sixty men are employed. He has only held the position for a month and he says he doesn't want it any longer. Two weeks ago the laborers, who were then getting $1.25 per day, went out on a strike for an increase of wages. They went to work the next day at $1.40. On Thursday they told the foreman that they would not work unless they got $1.50 per day, the wages they were paid last summer. It is said that Foreman Jacobs refused to carry their request to the company who own the quarry and that he told the men that if they were not satisfied with the amount of wages they were receiving they could quit work and that he would get men from elsewhere to take their places.

At noon on Wednesday every man left the quarry, and Mr. Jacobs boarded a train and went to Manayunk, where he lives. He returned to Conshohocken Thursday morning on the seven o'clock train and proceeded to walk to the quarry, which is a half-mile north of the town. It was raining hard and Mr. Jacobs wore a heavy rubber coat. When within three hundred yards of the quarry he suddenly came upon some thirty women, who had concealed themselves behind a freight train, which stood upon a side track of the Reading Railroad. The women were disguised in such a manner that they looked like a band of strolling gypsies.

"Will you give us a job?" asked one of the women. The foreman did not have time to make a reply, for in an instant he was surrounded and showers of whitewash fell upon him faster than the rain. Each woman was armed with a whitewash brush, while a half-dozen buckets of lime were placed conveniently around.

"Let him have it, the brute," cried one of the women.

"Let's make a white man of him," cried another.

"Oh, you'll starve workingmen's families, will you?" shrieked a third as she dashed a whole bucket of whitewash on the foreman. When he made a dash for freedom he was quickly caught by some fleet-footed Amazon and held, while those who were slower of movement plied him with slacked lime. At last he made a desperate dash to get away and succeeded in gaining a pile of cinders, but was so hotly pursued that he tumbled down the other side and rolled to the edge of Plymouth Creek. Regaining his feet he ran over a bridge and around a cinder crusher. There he was met by another gang of women with whitewash brushes, who chased him. He succeeded in reaching the office of the Beaty quarry, where he entered and barricaded the door. The office was soon surrounded by the infuriated women, who now numbered almost a hundred.

"Come out. If you don't we'll pull the house down," said one of the women, and then they proceeded to batter the door.

"Ladies," called out the terrified foreman, "will you let me wash the lime out of my eyes?"

"Come out," demanded the women.

"Ladies, if you will only let me alone I will leave town, and never show my face here again."

The last plea of the terrified foreman brought forth cries of triumph. At last he was assured that if he would leave he might come out. The foreman had hardly left the door, however, when the women, with their brushes thoroughly saturated with whitewash, made another break at him. He succeeded in climbing upon a passing engine, and thus made his escape. Two hours afterward he returned with Deputy Sheriff William B. Owen and Constable William Custer, but the rioters were not to be found, and no one would give the names of the women. The only arrest made was that of a young man named Kelly, who, it was claimed, urged on the rioters by laughing. Mr. Jacobs did not return to the quarry yesterday and all was quiet. The men sat around talking and laughing over the fun of the day before. Michael O'Brien, one of the owners of the quarry, said yesterday:

"We are willing to pay the men what they demand, but it appears that the trouble is not so much over the wages anyway. The foreman is offensive to them and has been from the first. Everything will be right in a day or two."

One of the laborers said that Foreman Jacobs was overbearing in the extreme. He did not allow a man after swinging a forty-pound hammer for a quarter of an hour to rest himself for a moment. He was constantly watching them and would discharge any laborer on the slightest pretext.

A DISGRACEFUL TRADE.

Mortgaging a Daughter to Satisfy an Appetite.

How a Pennsylvanian Manages to Secure the Means of Ministering to His Desire for Drink—A Not Very Credible or Creditable Story.

[Pittsburgh Leader.]

"Yes, sir, startling as it may seem, a father confessed to me that a certain man in Pittsburgh had actually bought his daughter from him, or rather the father had entered into an agreement with the Pittsburgh man that when she, who is now over fifteen years, reaches the age of sixteen she will become his property, and that the purchaser can have her for his wife or mistress, whichever she desires. This agreement was made in consideration of a sum of money loaned the father." Thus spoke a gentleman residing on Mount Washington to a *Leader* reporter yesterday.

But how does it come, inquired the scribe, that you are conversant with the details of what, to all intents and purposes, must be a secret?

"The father is well-known to me, and I met him about a week ago in a South Side saloon. He was considerably under the influence of liquor. He told me he had just drawn $50 from one of the banks. I asked him if he had a deposit at the bank. He said that he had not, but that he had received a check that morning for the amount named from a man who might some day be his son-in-law. I further questioned him about the matter, when he in a moment of drunken confidence told me the story I have just related to you. He did not state who the man was, but the best way to do is to visit the man's house. His name is Mr. ——. He lives near Castle Shannon, and who knows but he will talk to you."

The reporter called as directed. On knocking at the door of a little frame cottage, which had been pointed out to the scribe as being the residence sought after, the summons was answered by a marvelously handsome young girl, apparently about fifteen years of age. In response to the inquiry for the person sought, the girl said: "Father is not in at present, but he will be here in a few moments. Please step inside and be seated." This was said in a lady-like manner, and with a certain air of refinement. Her movements were all very graceful, which, added to her beauty, certainly made her a very attractive looking female. "Are you Mr. ——'s daughter?"

"Yes, sir, I am his youngest child. There is another girl besides myself, but she is not here at present." This last was said in a tone of sadness.

"Miss," said the scribe, "I have heard a singular story about Mr. ——'s daughter, and I would like to know if you are the one referred to." The writer then told her what he had heard, and also informed her who he was and the object of his visit. In reply to which she said:

"I suppose I am the girl referred to, but your informant has not told you the true state of affairs existing between myself, father and the Pittsburgh gentleman, so I had better correctly inform you, for I fear if I did not you would put us all in a false light. But do not mention any name, please. My mother died two years ago. I was then thirteen years of age, and the sister I spoke to you about was seventeen years old. She went away from home one year ago next month. I would rather not tell under what circumstances. It does not concern the story you came after any how. Father was left alone with us two girls when mother died. We were then living in Allegheny. After sister left we came to live on the South Side, and not long ago moved here. I was an attendant at the Fourth Ward School, Allegheny, up to the time of our leaving that city, about a year ago. Father got me employment in a large dry goods store. While there I was observed by a relative of one of the proprietors of the store. He must have taken kindly to me, as he visited father's house the following Sunday, and had a long, private conversation with father about me, at the conclusion of which I was asked if I would like to quit the store and attend school and dress well. I was astonished at the proposition, and asked for an explanation. It was given me, and proved to be this: The young man who called, who, by the way, is quite rich and quite good looking, proposed to give father a sum of money down, to pay my board and the cost of educating me at a private school, provided that when I reached the age of sixteen years father consents to our marriage. The proposition, you see, was a rather novel one, but father consented, and I have been attending school since, and I am really growing to like my intended. I have a good time. Oh, I suppose the money father told you about was my board."

"Did you ever meet your intended?" asked the scribe.

"Quite frequently," was the reply, "as I often see him on the street and he sometimes comes out here."

"Do you really think he intends to marry you when you are sixteen years old?"

"I think so. Ask father; he can tell you more about that when he comes. I don't know what is keeping him."

"What does your father do?" was the next question put to the young miss. "He hasn't been doing much of anything for some time. To tell you the truth, sir, father drinks too much." "Has he any source of income?" "Yes, sir, the young man pays $40 a month for my board, then when he comes out to spend a day or two he gives father extra money." The scribe waited some time, but he failed to put in an appearance, so the *Leader* man took his departure.

How the Queen of Sheba Traveled.

[Western Christian Advocate.]

"How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" asked Miss R—— of her Sunday-school class of little girls. No one ventured an answer. "If you had studied your lesson you could not have helped knowing," said their teacher. "Now, look over the verses again." Could she have gone by the cars?" asked Miss. R——, beginning to lose patience, as the children consulted their books, but appeared to arrive at no conclusion. "Yes'm," said a little girl at the end of the class. "She went by steam-cars." "Did she, indeed!" said Miss R—— "Well, Louise, we would like to know how you found that out."

"In the second verse," responded the child, "it says, *she came with a very great train*."

A Child Killed by a Fowl.

[Liverpool Courier.]

A remarkable fatality to a child one year and nine months old has just been investigated at Little Hempston. On Friday the deceased was taken out by a neighbor's child, and almost immediately was heard to cry, as if in great pain. The mother rushed out, and observed a large game fowl standing upon the head of her child, who was lying upon its back in the road. It seems that the child had pulled the tail of the bird, which had immediately turned upon it, knocked it down and struck it savagely three or four times in succession with his spurs. The post-mortem examination showed that the spur of the fowl, which was two inches in length, had penetrated the child's skull behind the left ear, and all efforts to save its life were unavailing.